

A  
P O E M,

Occasioned by

His Majesty's Voyage

T O

H O L L A N D,

T H E

Congress at the Hague,

A N D

Present S I E G E of M O N S.

*De Po*

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*Non enim Res Gesta Versibus Comprehendende sunt quod longè melius Historici faciunt, sed per Ambages & Deorum Ministeria, per fabulosum sententiarum Tormentum præcipitandus est Liber Spiritus. Petr. Arb.*

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Written by N. T A T E.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford Arms Inn in,  
Warwick-Lane. 1691.

A  
P O E M.

Occasioned by

His Majesty's Voyage

TO

H O L L A N D.

Compliments to the Prince

Prince of Orange

By the Poet

Written by N. Y. M. A.

L O N D O N.

Printed for J. B. A. L. in the Strand, near the Old Palace Yard.

# POEM

Occasioned by  
His MAJESTY's Voyage  
TO  
HOLLAND, &c.

ON Sacred *Isis* Bank, with Cares oppress'd,  
One Noon *Philander* laid him down to Rest;  
Where having tasted the inspiring Stream,  
His Fancy form'd This Visionary DREAM.

Down to *Elysian* Groves He seem'd Convey'd,  
Where Souls of Heroes and their Poets Stray'd:  
Where *Cowley* with his wonted Candour smil'd,  
Approacht the trembling Swain, and thus his Fears beguil'd.

Zeal



Zeal for the Muses, and our *Britain's* Peace,  
 Transports Thee to these Realms without Decease.  
 The Leaden Star did o'er thy Birth preside,  
 And to thy Soul the wish'd Embrace deny'd  
 Of Heavenly Muse, forbid to wed her Flame,  
 With ought that *Jove* and *Mercury* disclaim.  
 But for Thou long hast waited on their Train,  
 For *Britain's* Fortune throbb'd with restless Pain,  
 Fate grants Thee these eternal Seats to view,  
 And hear our *British* Bards their Songs renew.

On various Theams, immortal as our Joys,  
 Each, where his Genius calls, his Muse employs.  
 Some trace mysterious Nature, and proceed  
 To sing the Vital Elemental Seed;  
 Etherial Substance, unctuous liquid Fire,  
 First Matter, through Still-changing Forms, intire.  
 Life's Principle that does its Beams disperse,  
 To Nourish and Cement the Universe.  
 Specifick Pow'r, that through First Nature ran,  
 That still preserves her Kinds as they began;  
 It flourishes in Plants, and breathes in Man.  
 Some sing the Ebb and Flood's mysterious Cause,  
 If Moons to Seas or Seas to Moons give Laws,  
 Since mutual sympathy their Courses bear,  
 And to the Stars the Earth appears a Star.



Some choose of Oceans Bitterness to treat,  
 From Beds of Salt beneath, or Solar Heat  
 That drinks their Dew, and of ambixer'd Tides  
 Repassing limpid through Earth's Sulph'rous sides.  
 Why Winter-Suns so swift a Circuit go?  
 What makes the Steeds of Winter-Nights so slow.

Our Nobler Muses, in Divine Abodes  
 Rank pious Heroes with their Kindred Gods;  
 Some our Fifth *Harry* and Third *Edward* raise,  
 But who has Breath for our Third *WILLIAM*'s Praise!

Behold where *MILTON* Bow'd in Laurel Groves,  
 A Task beyond his Warring Angels moves;  
 Himself a Seraph now, with sacred flame  
 Draws Schemes proportion'd to great *WILLIAM*'s Fame;  
 (For Common-wealths no more his Harp he strings,  
 By *NASSAU*'s Virtue Reconcil'd to Kings.)  
 Ere long the Sacred Numbers He will joyn,  
 And bring his Heroe thund'ring to the Boyne.  
 On lifting bloodless Ghosts Convulsions call,  
 When he describes the Wound and Grazing Ball;  
 Then make Mischance a Miracle dispense,  
 And justify Suspected Providence;  
 Shew how our Monarch's Danger had the odds  
 Of others Safety, for it prov'd the Gods.

These Theams the Bard shall sing,  
 The Roses Dew exhaling with his Strains,  
 The Food of Ghosts throughout these happy Plains.

Happy indeed, *Philander* then repli'd,  
 Where *Cowley* and the tuneful Tribe reside,  
 Nor yet to know great *William's* Deeds deni'd.

The Power indulg'd to Souls from Bodies free,  
 (The Bard rejoin'd) Thou shalt (astonish'd) see.  
 A Visionary Scene thou shalt perceive  
 Of what will Doubts on after Ages leave,  
 And scarce its own Spectators could believe.

Then wav'd his Wand, and through th' Elysian Field  
 Of EUROPE did an opening Prospect yield.

First, let the *Belgian* Shore attract thine Eye,  
 A distant Fleet, and open Shaloup nigh.  
 Can Heaven sustain to see a slender Boat  
 Charg'd with the Fortune of all Europe, Float?  
 Our *Cesar* see so dangerously Embarque  
 The World's Restorer in so frail an Ark,  
 Seven Worthies more, though safe our *Cesar* were,  
 Too rich a Prize to be entrusted There.

Illustrious *Norfolk* dignified to shine  
 In Honours Van, and grace her eldest Line,  
*Ormond* and *Ossery's* resembling Heir  
 Alone might challenge Providence's Care;  
*Minerva's* Favourite, *Monmouth*, *Learn'd* and *Brave*,  
 Two Chiefs beside, who proofs of Honour gave  
 In foreign Fields, and *Britain* came to save.  
 My *Dorset* too his Monarch's Danger shares,  
 Cleaves to his Breast for whom alone he fears.

See where the panting Muses through the Air  
 From *Pindus* to their Patron's aid repair,  
 His Merits plead, and Setting *Phœbus* pray  
 To own his Darling and prolong the Day.  
 Thick rising Mists, of Both bereave their fight,  
 Expose the slender Boat to Ice and Night.  
 They rashly Curse the guiltless God's Descent,  
 Nor yet had learnt what his Departure meant,  
 How *Æol* He, and *Neptune* first did charge,  
 To calm the Deep, and leave no Wind at large;  
 Till gently He next Morn the Fogs should drive,  
 More welcome makes th' endanger'd King Arrive,  
 To shew for what Achievements He was Born,  
 Who Death and Danger in all shapes could scorn.



From Fleet, from Shore, the anxious Crowds did gaze,  
 When *Europe's* Hope they saw no longer blaze,  
 In Darkness hid, lost in an Icy Maze,  
 The Fate of new-built *Rome's* first King they fear,  
 That envious Skies had snatch'd him for a Star.  
 They Mourn all Night, each glimmering Star appears  
 A Taper lit for Their great Master's Hearse.

With such Concern our fond first Parent view'd  
 The first Day's Sun, and with fix'd Eyes pursu'd;  
 When lost in Mists, or sunk beneath the Main  
 He fondly judg'd him; so did He complain:  
 Outwept the Night-Dew with distilling Eyes,  
 No Hope conceiv'd that He again would Rise.  
 Where Day He lost, all wrap'd in Sables deep,  
 Still Westward fix'd, His Looks sad Vigils keep,  
 Not knowing yet the Night was made for Sleep.

Now to the shining *Hague* direct your sight,  
 (The Bard proceeds) not *Spain's* throne so bright  
 When ravish'd *Helen*, (Type of injur'd Peace)  
 In Consult drew the Potentates of Greece:  
 And now the Royal Congress to compleat,  
 Behold, like *Jove*, our Monarch takes His Seat.

from

B 2

Each

Each Prince some other views with silent Joy,  
 And mutual Wonder does their Souls employ :  
 So Heav'n's first Stars each others Flames admir'd,  
 But more the *Sun* who all their Beams inspir'd.  
*Bavaria* first to Him submits his Rays,  
 And for Direction from his Influence prays,  
 The Rest of Course——To Counsel they Retire.  
 Here stop thy curious Search——  
 What Gods Decree no Mortal must enquire :  
 Suffice it that for *Europe* they prepare  
 Saturnian Days; see where the Golden Year  
 Stands ready Harness'd——Westward turn your Eye,  
 And Gallick *Nero's* last Convulsions Spy ;  
 Like Downcast Lucifer revolves his State,  
 With his fall'n Angels sits in Dark Debate,  
 And from This Constellation bodes his Fate.

He said, and once again his Wand did wave,  
 And once again th'*Elysian* Prospect gave ;  
 The Swain, transported, kiss'd the Sacred Ground;  
 And cast anew his ravish'd Eyes around ;  
 He saw where Swarming Souls to *Lethe* press  
 To drink large Draughts of deep Forgetfulness ;  
 Amongst themselves (ah vain Desire!) at Strife,  
 Ambitious to repeat the Toils of Life.

The Myrtle Grove where Lovers once Distress'd,  
 Secure from Fate in wish'd Embraces rest :  
 Of Virgin-Souls the Receptacles mild,  
 Who Death embrac'd and Tyrants Lust beguil'd :  
 For Studious Minds bright Mansions set apart,  
 Who Life adorn'd with any useful Art.

By chance a rev'rend Shade of Royal Meen  
 He spies, stretch'd Musing on a Silent Green ;  
 Charm'd with the Figure (on his either side  
 Lay Heaps of Trophies) he consults his Guide ;  
 Enquires the Hero's Name, for from his Face  
 Seraphick Joy beam'd through the Dusky Place.

The Bard as with a sudden Rapture struck,  
 A while stood Mute, at length thus (warmly) spoke.

Most Monarchs think the Regal Task is done,  
 If once the Pageants can but Stuff a Throne ;  
 Once to the Belfry of a State can climb,  
 No Wheels to move, but Image-like to Chime,  
 And with an idle Sceptre strike the Time.  
 But Tyrants still are worse--and stupid Frogs,  
 By Cranes devour'd, can call again for Logs.

Bless'd



Blest'd Nations who can brave *RESTORERS* find,  
 Bold to the Foe, and to their Subjects kind !  
 Who Empire but for Pious Ends receive,  
 Who War for Peace, and Conquer to Relieve.  
*A RACE* of such Successively to Shine,  
 Fate ne'er allow'd but to \* *ADOLPHUS* Line:  
 'Tis his pleas'd Shade that Glitters in yon Vale,  
 Where of his Off-spring he recounts the Tale ;  
 Numbers their Persons, does their Conquests State,  
 Their Deeds, their Sufferings, Fortunes and their Fate.  
 Through long Descents of still untainted Fame,  
 Ev'n now he dwells on Present *WILLIAM*'s Name ;  
 A Name that makes the unborn Years to spring  
 In Fate's dark Womb, and clap their unfledg'd wing.  
 Column of Piety, and Honours Prop,  
 Late rescu'd *Albion*'s Joy, all *Europe*'s Hope :  
 Him distant Nations call with out-stretch'd Hands,  
 Like longing Ghosts on black *Cocytus* Strands,  
 For waftage o'er to our *Elysian* Lands.  
 Last Cordial, He, to make their Hopes revive,  
 And keep their Gasping Liberty alive,  
 Toils he sustains, like those *Alcides* bore,  
 And like *Alcides* only to Restore  
 The Sick World's Rest—  
 Reserv'd by Fate to enter Fame's last Stage,  
 To Vanquish and Reform an Impious Age :

\* One of His  
 Majesty's Ance-  
 stors formerly  
 Emperor of  
*Germany*.

Monsters to Quell, and clip fell Dragons wings,  
 Crown'd Basilisks disarming of their Stings:  
 Restores stol'n Jewels to their proper Crown,  
 And Scorns no less to Buy than Sell Renown.  
 Unbeaten Paths direct to Honours Heights,  
 His Swords cuts out, and ne'er by Proxy Fights;  
 But ever Lightning in the foremost Band,  
 His Honours Harvest reaps with his own Hand.

But see the Skies bear down, a sudden Breeze  
 With Spicy whispers wakes the Nodding Trees  
 On *Lethe's* Bank--Now, Sweeter Notes rebound,  
 'Tis *Waller's* Harp, I know the Melting Sound;  
 The Harp that once his *Sacharissa* Sung,  
 And Charm'd your World, the Same, but here new Strung;  
 Does here his *Sacharissa's* Praise refuse,  
 To *Britains* Goddess consecrates his Muse:  
 Now Sings *MARIA*, whose Diviner Frame,  
 Refines his Passion to Seraphick Flame.  
 For Her he does his Rich Conceptions lay  
 In Judgment deep, but when they see the Day  
 Pure and Transparent as flow *China's* Clay;  
 For her the Spangled Firmament is spread,  
 For her Chast *Cupid's* reap th'*Elysian* Mead,  
 And weave eternal Chaplets for her Head.

Day shines for Her, and let her tread the Night,  
 Descending Stars shall pave her walks with Light :  
 Like *Cintbia* let her guild the Sea with Beams,  
 The Slumb'ring *Nereids* starting from their Dreams,  
 Shall catch at her bright Image in the Streams.  
 If such her Form, what Herald shall we find  
 For the Immortal Blazon of her Mind ;  
 The Cloyster may learn Virtue from her Court,  
 Her Constancy can all Extreame support ;  
 Secure she treads the Labyrinths of State,  
 Nor servilely on Fortune's Smiles does wait,  
 But Present to her Self, Commands her Fate.  
 Our Eagle Absent, she protects her Seat,  
 Her Subject Brood from Gallick Vultures Threat ;  
 So *Pallas* can far-warring *Mars* supply,  
 So *Juno*, *Jove* Absenting, Rules the Sky.

The Trumpet Sounds, our Stragling Hero's Arm,  
 And to Imaginary Standards Swarm ;  
 Still with bright Arms, flick Steeds, their former Care,  
 Delighted, and to frame fictitious War.  
 Now Modern Fights, then those of former years,  
*Cressy* one day the Scene, the next *Poitiers* ;  
 By Lots distinguish'd they divide or joyn,  
 Now represent *Senef* and then the *Boyn*.



See where a Visionary *MONS* does rise,  
 Besieg'd, reduc'd to last Extremities;  
 To her Relief, a Hero young as day,  
 A Personated *ORANGE* wings his way,  
 Still Leading, still instructing how to Dare,  
 He Blazes in the Forehead of the War:  
 Undaunted does on Breath of Cannons go,  
*And Conquers by Astonishing the Foe.*

Now wrap'd in Smoak I see him still perform  
 Fresh Wonders, and still Lightning through the Storm;  
 Through Groves of Pikes, wide waists of Death he hews,  
 O'er prostrate Crests and Shields the Foe pursues:  
 Their Trenches lost, precipitating Fear  
 Drives back the Front on their Astonish'd Rear.  
 Turn *Luxemburg*, yield thy devoted Head,  
 For Mothers Tears and Blood of Infants shed;  
 Since soon or late Just Vengeance must take place,  
 An honourable Destiny embrace;  
 While great *Nassau* calls out and bids Thee stand,  
 Consult thy Fame, and Perish by *His* Hand.  
 Thou Fly'st, perhaps, presaging such a Doom,  
 Through slow revolving Years too soon may come,  
 When Haughty *Lewis* shall repeat his Crime,  
 And Rescu'd *Mons* Besiege a second time.

What

What Fate Decrees, to bring her former Chief  
 He *Perseus* wing'd *once more* to her Relief;  
 Or now Reserves him for a desp'rate Game,  
 Ev'n to Retrieve (if Lost) the Captive Dame,  
 Let Time unfold---

Here from his Charming Dream *Philander* woke,  
 For Shouts and pealing Bells his Slumber broke:  
 The day he left so bright, he seeks in vain,  
 And wonders at the Moons untimely Wain.  
 Upstart now, on *ISIS* Bank he stood,  
 And saw (or ween'd) the Goddess of the Flood.  
 Hence, hence, she cry'd, long since thy Fellow Swains,  
 Have litt their chearful Bonfires through the Plains:  
 From *Belgia's* Shore our Patron's safe Return'd,  
 Too long these silent Banks his Absence mourn'd:  
 The Altar Smoaks, thy Offering's still delay'd,  
 'Tis more than time thy promis'd Vows were paid.

F I N I S.

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☞ A Poem occasioned by the Late Disturbances and Discontents in the State:  
 With Reflections on the Rise and Progress of Priest-Craft. By N. Tate.